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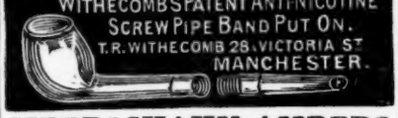

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PRITCHARD'S CELEBRATED TEETHING AND FEVER POWDERS are daily becoming more sensibly appreciated.
The following are a few of the numberless Testimonials the Proprietor is daily receiving of their truly wonderful and valuable effects:—
Testimonial from the Rev. R. Webster Boat.
The Rev. R. Webster Boat has much pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of Mr. Pritchard's "Teething and Fever Powders," which have been *most useful* to his children, not only in Teething, but at other times.
He never likes to be without them, and recommends their use to all his friends who have young children.
Pensnett Parsonage, near Dudley, Jan. 8th, 1864.
"Romiley, near Stockport, May 8th, 1864.
"Dear Sir,—Enclosed are 15 stamps, please to send me a packet of your invaluable 'Teething Powders,' they have saved me pounds. I can safely say that, if parents only knew the value of them and would give them to their children, many lives would thus be saved.—Yours truly,
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The only maker in England. 4 shapes £150. 5 shapes £180.
ALSO HIS
ELECT, OR LADIES' DOG CART,
Hung low, and easy of access. suitable for Cob or Horse.—**Price £35 to £40,** according to finish.

THE HOUSE OF
LA GRANDE MARQUE, AT COGNAC
AND THE CHARENTE DISTRICT.

(From the Western Times.)

A correspondent writes :—" Having received an invitation from Mr. Victor Jouannet, the managing director of that extensive brandy house at Cognac, which is known in England under the title of La Grande Marque, I availed myself of it in order to inspect their enormous stock, and also that I might obtain some general information respecting the production of brandy in the Charante district. The Charante district, or as we should call it in England, the county of Charente, is one of the most interesting parts of France. This is owing to its production of brandy, the finest and most delicate spirit that can be distilled, and represents one of the most important sources of the general wealth of France. The largest town in the district is Angouleme, but Cognac, although having a population of only about 9,000, is the most important. This town is situated in the neighbourhood of the finest brandy producing vineyards, known as the champagne district of Cognac. The district which surrounds this and produces brandy next in quality and value is called Borderies, and the last, or as I may say the third growth, is produced in the outside district which extends round the towns of Angouleme, Saintes and Mirambeau, and almost to the banks of the river Garonne. This is called the Bois district. The pure Cognac brandy is distilled from wine grown in the three districts, Champagne, Borderies, and Bois, and this the leading houses of Cognac are most anxious to preserve in that native purity which has made Cognac so famous. Any merchant is regarded as acting fraudulently who dares to mix with the brandy of Charente district spurious spirit, or even spirit made from wine grown in any other district. The average crop of the Charente district is about 600 gallons of wine per acre, and the surface cultivated being 250,000 acres yield about 150,000,000 gallons, which, when distilled, represent 15,000,000 gallons as the average annual yield of brandy. It is the general impression in England that the distillation of brandy is performed by the Cognac houses, and that large firms are necessarily holders of large farms ; but the brandy merchants are no more producers than our brewers are culivators of hops and barley. No large farms indeed exist in the Charente district. It is stated on good authority that there are not five proprietors who hold 75 acres of vineyard, not ten landowners possessing 40 acres, while holders of 12 acres do not exceed 30 in number. As in England the farmer goes to market with the sample of corn, so in the Charente district the French farmer attends the Cognac market with samples of his brandy, and thus the trade have to make up their stocks by the purchase of an innumerable number of small parcels. The stores of La Grande Marque, which are situated at the south end of the park of the town of Cognac, cover two acres of ground and hold 25,000 hogsheads, which contain about one and a half million gallons of the finest brandy that could be purchased, including the celebrated vintages of 1851, 1845, and 1835. To accumulate this enormous stock, purchases had to be made with some thousands of different farmers, and the value is of such an extent that it is insured with eighteen different Insurance Companies. The quality of the different samples of brandy varies very considerably, so that the superiority of the stock of a Cognac house depends entirely upon great judgment in their selections and the holding sufficient capital to be always able to buy at the right time and direct from the farmers."

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Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., Manchester. Manchester, March 23rd, 1870.

Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in testifying that your New Lithographic Writing Ink is a great improvement on any other kind I have seen, and that it is almost impossible to detect the copies from the original handwriting. I have every confidence in recommending it to your customers. I remain, yours respectfully, *Pro* S. MENDEL, JOHN CLARKE.

To Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. 116, Portland Street, Manchester, 4th August, 1869.

Dear Sirs,—I have pleasure in stating that your Patent Lithographic Transfer Writing Ink has given me great satisfaction. I have used it on several occasions writing with a common steel pen on ordinary writing paper, and the copy has always turned out as distinct as could be wished. I can recommend the Ink to everybody, for the purpose of many-folding manuscripts.

Yours respectfully, ALF. WENNER.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Aytoun Street, Manchester, 4th August, 1869.

Gentlemen,—In reply to your enquiry, we consider your New Lithographic Ink to be quite equal to what you represent it to be. It affords us every satisfaction, and we prefer it specially, as being more expeditiously handled, and clearer in the impression than that in use with the transfer paper. Yours faithfully, ALEX. COLLIE & CO.

To Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Manchester Mechanics' Institution, Sept. 8th, 1869.

Gentlemen,—I have great pleasure in testifying to the value of your New Lithographic Writing Ink. I have used it in the office with advantage, on the score both of economy and despatch. I am, Gentlemen, yours truly, E. L. JONES.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Manchester, 7th Dec., 1869.

Gentlemen,—We have much pleasure in testifying to the usefulness of your Patent Lithographic Transfer Writing Ink, which we have found to answer its purpose very well, and which we shall use, preferably to other similar compounds, as often as we have an opportunity, Yours truly, DROEGE & CO.

We annex prices at which we shall be happy to print, **at a moment's notice,** any Forms you may send us written with this Ink, and on ordinary Writing Paper.

One page, on Cream or Blue Wove Large Post 8vo, Fly Leaf,					50 Copies,	3/-	100 Copies,	4/6	250 Copies,	8/-
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G. R. Allinson, General Manchester Warehouse) Families supplied. Any length cut from the Piece at Wholesale Prices. **(54 and 54a, High-stre and 13, Church-street.**

[STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.]

THE CABMAN.

IT is my earnest wish that any statement I may make respecting him may not be overcharged, but if by accident—I hope not by design—any overcharge should occur, I shall not be wrong in saying that the balance of overcharge will, after all, be in Cabby's favour. With me and others like me, he has been at it on the matter of overcharge, "off and on" as it is called, for upwards of twenty years, and I cannot during all that time call to mind one single instance in which I have ever got the best of him, or palmed off upon him an amount below that to which he was fairly entitled. This uninterrupted success of Cabby is attributable to much cleverness on his part, and perhaps to some weakness or laziness on mine. He trades upon laziness and weakness. Were he not to do so, he would not be able to quench his natural thirst out of the wretched pittance which his immoral employers are supposed to award to him.

Municipal legislators have surrounded him with regulations, and he spends his life in dodging them. He has acquired such skill in dodging them that, for all practical purposes, they might as well be non-existent. Take, for instance, the regulation that each fare shall at the moment of entry receive a ticket bearing on its face certain particulars. I put it to the most rigid merchant in this city whether, during his useful career as a merchant prince—whatever that may mean—he ever received half a dozen of such tickets; or whether he does not in his heart believe that the whole thing is an absurd piece of ritualism that might easily be intermitted? Assuming this to be—as it is—the first requirement of the Hackney Coach Committee, and seeing how constantly it is violated, can we wonder that the Cabman looks upon the rest of the prescriptions of that solemn conclave as almost equally worthless?

I maintain that, in all mercantile particulars, the Cabman is the most privileged trader extant. He is guarded by the laws against all the meannesses of humanity, whilst in respect of its generous foibles, he has a noble liberty of which he always takes supreme advantage. The man at the toll-bar, who is looked upon by Cabby as an inferior agency, and to whom I have to pay fourpence, gives me my change out of sixpence without demur. He neither hints by word or gesture that by keeping the twopence for myself I am so pitiful a wretch that hanging would be too good for me He does not remark that it is a plaguy cold night, and that to be kept from the connubial couch by such as I is equivalent to African bondage, nor does he allude to the tollgate as having been so swung about on its hinges all day long that he is fairly entitled to the odd money for the purchase of oil for the gate. Yet, when I alight from V. R. 2019 and tender half a crown (the real fare being 2s.), and ask for threepence in change, Cabby will open the entertainment by pretending that he has got none; he will then inferentially and by expressive gestures intimate that I am grinding him down, or he will appeal in *forma pauperis*, and suggest that a poor man like himself should not be too hardly treated. Shall I be deemed a chronicler of trifles if I say that no other business man known to men behaves in this way, or would be permitted so to behave? If Cabby's own appeal to me should be inoperative, mark the skill and subtlety with which he drags in the horse. "Look at him, good gentleman; on his legs have he stood all this day, and not one blessed penny more nor what you see now have he earned. And he's got a wife and six small children at home, leastways *I* have, and septimus is expected almost immediate!" And many a time the ruse succeeds, and the horse beguiles from your pocket the sixpence which the Cabman himself never could. Whereupon the latter drives, of course, to the nearest gin shop, and gives his faithful steed fourpennyworth hot and a cigar.

I have said that everything is in the Cabman's favour, or that he makes it so. He extracts money from the smallest incidents, and finds it in quarters where the ordinary tradesman would prod his sucking apparatus in vain. The state of the weather, the condition of the elements, the fleetness of his horse, the slowness of the same; now because he cannot hold the animal, now because he cannot urge him on—are all kneaded into a compact dough of extortion and dropped upon your toes. It is no exaggeration to say that nervous men and timid women regard the hiring of a cab, especially in a strange city, with apprehension almost amounting to panic, because they know that one of two things is almost sure to happen:—either they will be cheated out of their money, or else they will be roundly abused. Perhaps the most astounding circumstance in the Cabman's career is, that, notwithstanding his patent delinquencies, he has a large following, who always show up for him. My chief indictment against him is the mode in which he treats women. His whining for justice is constant; his appeals to your magnanimity incessant; his denunciation of meanness perpetual; and yet he preys like a hyena upon the purses of women without the slightest compunction. I could forgive him everything but this.

It is the silliest pretence in the world that the public is unjust to cabmen. If they be it is in this sense, that they do not more frequently make a bold stand against the system of cab pillage. You have never anything to your credit with a Cabman. If I have been driven by the same man a distance of half a mile for weeks together, and always paid my shilling, "like a gent," as he calls it, yet upon the next occasion, when I may have gone the length of the cab itself over a shilling fare, Cabby demands the extra threepence. He claims the most liberal construction upon his own doings, and from me he demands his pound of flesh. It is not without some justification, however, that he treats us like fools, for we behave as such in many of our dealings with him. It would be an interesting calculation how much would be saved in this city alone by the introduction of the decimal coinage, and the institution of a silver tenpenny piece for the present shilling. It is somewhat remarkable that the ingenuity of man has never yet been able to devise any expedient for mitigating the predatory habits of this class. I perceive a town missionary or a tract distributor occasionally busy on "the stand" I know best, but the influence of these amiable agencies upon the morals of Cabby has so far not been perceptible. In like manner, the perusal of penny papers and the interesting development of the Irish Church question have failed, in my opinion, to induce the Ethiopian to change his skin. I should almost be inclined to believe that the horses had derived as much benefit from the missionaries, the tract distributors, and the penny papers, as their drivers. I have thought sometimes that the natural

good feeling and generosity of the horse have been shocked by the behaviour of the driver. You may have noticed occasionally that, when the cab door has been opened, the horse has turned his head to see of what complexion and character the fare consisted, and whether he was a greenhorn or a close-fister.

How a public, so long exposed to annoyances that can scarcely be called petty, can not only view with apathy the suggestion of tramways but even be induced to oppose them, I cannot imagine. It must be attributable to the good luck which invariably accompanies Cabby through his lifelong road. If you were to put it to Cabby whether society would be benefitted by these tramways, he would mop up the question very summarily, and he would find himself fortified in his sententious denunciation by the Mayor, the Town Clerk, and the City Corporation, who, the next time they go in state to our Diocesan Cathedral to pray for all sorts and conditions of men, ought to add as a foot note "and especially for four-wheelers, hansoms, and the drivers thereof."

A NEMESIS BOAT RACE.

A MODEST advertisement in last Saturday's papers, and a glance at the card containing a list of "the fixtures for season 1870," helped us to realize that it was the opening day of the Nemesis Rowing Club. This event may be said to mark the commencement of the amateur boating season in Manchester. Moved thereby to temporary enthusiasm, we instantly resolved to refresh ourselves with the sight of a boat race, even though the Irwell were the scene. The Nemesis boat house, at Cornbrook, is not easy to find. The entrance is through a sort of timber yard, hard by a branch of the canal. On passing the gate an odour salutes the olfactory nerves, which, once smelt, can never either be forgotten or confounded with any other perfume. The boat house is a low, red brick building, sufficiently long to admit the stowing away of eight-oared boats. On racks arranged on the ground floor, are boats of various sizes and build, and an endless number of oars. Above is a dressing room; and a balcony in front affords a not very useful means of watching the progress of any races. A sloping bank leads down to the water's edge, where the two boats which are to play so important a part in the afternoon's proceedings are moored. Now they are still and lifeless; by and by they will be endowed with fierce vigour.

Possibly it may be from force of contrast that the Irwell, or "Old River," as it is familiarly called, always looks its worst in pleasant weather. With a dark atmosphere and a lowering sky it appears to have some sympathy, and under these conditions is nearly bearable. To see the river in its most utter loathsomeness, it should be viewed in the bright early sunshine of a lovely spring morning. The weather on this occasion was warm and pleasant, and the river suffered accordingly. Hovering about on the water are boatloads of small boys, vigorously racing each other or trying to run each other down. Now and again a huge, awkwardly-shaped barge moves lazily past. Meanwhile the crowd of boating men who stand about the boat house has become thicker. Here and there are figures in white flannel trousers, much be-muffled about the throat. The excitement of the occasion appears to be wide-spread. The Salford side sends a strong contingent of critics, the towing path being thickly lined along the whole of the course. On the opposite bank of the brook separating the boat house from Pomona, appears an enormous individual who is speedily recognized as one of the French wrestlers. He is supported by several smaller but not less noisy compatriots, and with them enters into a discussion of the forthcoming struggle, with a violence of gesticulation and exclamation very amusing to the genial folk on the other side of the river.

The crews are at length prepared to embark. Each man throws off any superfluous clothes, shoulders his oar, and takes his seat in the boat. The stroke of one boat is Mr. Henry Roe; of the other, Mr. Armistead. The crew behind the former gentleman seems slightly the heavier, and of the two is rather the favourite in the betting. But Mr. Armistead, who looked admirably fit and wiry, is evidently not prepared to admit any such implied superiority. Whilst they push off the more enthusiastic of the spectators are hurrying over the river to the Salford side. Being quite of the opinion expressed by Mr. Charles Reade in his admirable boating descriptions in *Hard Cash*, that only the runners can properly see a race, we jumped into a dangerously crank and overloaded ferry-boat, thereby running no slight risk of total immersion, and were conveyed across. Our noisy foreign friends were apparently convinced of the wisdom of this step, and also pushed off for the Salford bank, in company with some of their English rivals. Their progress was watched with great closeness by the mob, and, as they came to shore, a wag facetiously proposed that an attempt should be made "to put 'em down," a bold proposition which, luckily, was either not heard or not understood. Apparently, the time for the race has not yet come. The racing boats are taking what in turf parlance is called the "preliminary canter." The coxswains are having their turn of enjoyment, and are shouting in an imperious and insulting manner to refractory or careless oarsmen. As the duty of these indispensable and generally diminutive individuals is always to find fault, and, as they consequently never consider it necessary to administer the smallest modicum of praise, their presence and conduct must inevitably have an irritating effect on all but the best regulated tempers. Number Four in Mr. Roe's crew was particularly unhappy. His feelings must have been of a very unenviable character, if the constant shrieks of displeasure or cries of warning, hurled at his devoted head, had their natural and usual effect. Whilst these preparatory exercises are being gone through, we walked up the bank of the river and along the towing path. Passing the landmarks familiar to all oarsmen, including a curious sort of hut, which, from its peculiarities of construction and position, has been irreverently named Noah's Ark, we expected to find the whitewashed building known as the Boat House Inn, once the residence of a well-known boating character, Harry Ault, but more lately occupied by Mark Addy. But since our last visit, this inn and adjoining boat house have disappeared, and their place is filled by a much more ambitious pile of buildings. We looked in vain for some sign of Mark Addy. His old haunts apparently know him no more. Possibly an approaching sculler's match, in which he is engaged, may have taken him away.

At length the preliminary paddling is over. The boats pass up towards Regent's Bridge, hover about for a few minutes whilst it pleases the last barge, which is as much a feature of all boat races as the Derby Day dog, to clear away. Then with bow pointing towards Throstle Nest, they come to the starting post, nearly opposite the new buildings we have spoken of. There for a second or two they remain side by side, all but motionless; sixteen pairs of arms at full stretch, and every heart in the two boats anxious to get luckily over the next few moments. The behaviour of the spectators at this moment is characteristic. Those with well trained legs and abundant wind remain alongside the boats, sure of their powers, and nerved by a desperate determination to see the race from end to end. Feebler, fatter, or lazier pedestrians hurry down the river to give themselves a good start and a fair chance of seeing the finish. No one is kept long in suspense. In another moment a restless movement spreads the intelligence down the river bank on both sides of the river that they are off! The mass of spectators, calm and motionless before, is at once changed into an excited, yelling mob, every second growing denser—fiercer in gesture and huskier in tone. The fleet ones who keep with the boats speedily catch up the others, and thus constant reinforcements are added to the rush. Sinking deeper in the yielding cinders, sticking in the mud, gasping up the embankments, we push on, now running against those who cannot or will not run, and now stumbling over exhausted fellow travellers. With no other object than that of avoiding a tumble in the water, the task is not an easy one. When to the necessities of self preservation are added overwhelming anxiety to watch the boats and mark every change in their relative position, and a desire to shout words of frantic advice, exhortation, or encouragement to some one or other of our favourite crew, the difficulties of the position are not a little increased.

The race all through was exceedingly close. The start was a good one, and the boats were well together when some accident happened (on the part, we believe, of that unhappy number Four), in Mr. Roe's boat—which took the Salford side—caused a temporary stoppage. This gave Mr. Armistead a slight advantage, and a gain of something like half a length. For a stroke to lose sight of his opponent is always a source discouragement, and, to any but a carefully trained and self-reliant crew,

almost certainly results in a loss of that steadiness which is so essential to successful effort, and without which the most strenuous exertions are useless. For some time the rowing of the Salford crew was exceedingly queer. The time was bad, the men were not at all well together, and all were more or less wild; whilst, on the other hand, the slight disadvantage in strength in Mr. Armistead's crew was compensated for by undeviating steadiness. Mr. Roe, indeed, worked furiously hard—in our opinion too hard and fast for some of the men behind him,—but never quite overhauled his opponent. At one time he seemed to be gaining; but the temporary advantage was lost again. Mr. Armistead maintained a lead to the end, and past the hoarding which marked the winning post more than a quarter of a length a-head. The boats overlapped each other all through the race. It is a pity that the course cannot be made a little longer. That rowed on Saturday cannot much exceed three quarters of a mile, a distance quite inadequate to test anything beyond the spurting power of an eight-oared crew. But, of course, this is beyond the power of alteration. A turn race is out of the question, whilst the lock and weir at one end of the course, and violent corners at the other, seem to forbid the possibility of any great extension of the distance rowed over. Still there might be some excuse for the opinion very prevalent among the losing crew, that had the race been longer—say to Mode Wheel—they (the winners), would have had no chance. The defeat certainly carried with it no disgrace, and the victory was much too narrow to allow of any very exultant note of triumph.

Back to the boat-house again. We found the crews already there; we heard much criticism on the race; we listened to animated and (to the narrators) perfectly satisfactory explanations of the defeat; we saw the crowd thin gradually and disappear, the plebs on the opposite bank lingering the longest and retiring the most reluctantly; and at last the sluggish river was once more left in its ordinary filthy solitude.

THE COMING BILLIARD MATCH.

2.—THE EX-CHAMPION.

JOHN ROBERTS, senior, the ex-champion billiard player, was born in Liverpool, on the seventeenth of June, 1823. Nine years afterwards he took down his first cue in the old Rotunda, Bold Street. He found that he "had an aptitude for the game even then, and, after six months' practice, could give points to men who had played for years." Then came a blow that upset his ambition. It was decided he should be a carpenter, and leave the ruinous atmosphere of a billiard room. So to the bench he went for two years; but he could not shake off the old feeling, or forget the first ambition of his life. He "felt he must be a billiard player, left home, and ever since that time he has been associated with the game." For thirty-eight years, therefore, he has studied billiards, and, excepting the two years he spent among the shavings, for thirty-eight years he has practised assiduously. "Many men," he truly says, "who have played, and marked, and managed rooms, and been connected with the game a much shorter time than I, hate it and all its belongings most cordially. They knocked the balls about for pleasure until they tired, and then play became absolute labour. I, on the contrary, have always felt a strong attachment for billiards, and even now often find myself attempting strokes for amusement when alone in the room." So it seemed he was fitted for the life he chose, and years afterwards he proved that his early passion for the game would not burn itself away, as early passions so often do. It appeared to increase with time, and to be rendered stronger by each success. Still, it seems as if the yearning for something greater which had been his motive power in his younger days had left him in later years, and we have often thought that if he had been opposed by more formidable players he would have been even a better player himself. When a man has stood undisturbed above all other men for twenty years, and has believed in his strength to repel all attacks, he aims at nothing beyond, but seeks only to avoid going back, and to keep what he has acquired.

When Roberts left the trade to which he was apprenticed, he went to Oldham and became a billiard marker. While there he played his first match with "Pendleton Tom," a well-known professional. It was arranged that there should be a home and home contest. Roberts won both matches and his first twenty pounds. He then went to Glasgow, and in 1844 John Fleming, of Edinburgh, played him a match of 500 up, and won by fifteen points, a result owing in a great measure to a fluke of six in the last break. Charles Hammond, of Liverpool, and Roberts then played a series of games in the French, English, and Russian styles, Hammond giving ten in each hundred; but the victory was on the side of Roberts. Tom Broughton, of Leeds, was the next sufferer in a match of 500 up, on his own table; and so well was he satisfied with his opponent's power, that he forfeited the deposit money for the second game.

In 1845, the Union Club, Manchester, secured Roberts as their manager, and for seven years the members had the advantage of his instruction and illustrations. He then took the Griffin Hotel, Lower Broughton, and afterwards had rooms in Cross Street, but in 1861 he followed the example of others, and left Manchester for London. He became the lessee of the well-known saloons at Saville House, Leicester Square, and remained there for three years. While he resided in Lancashire, he gained a large number of friends and admirers, and we do not think he has any firmer supporters anywhere than he has in Lancashire men. There are some among us who will not believe otherwise than that he is the best player that ever was or ever will be.

We have heard all kinds of extraordinary anecdotes relative to his wonderful skill as a billiard player, and of the clever tricks he has performed. How he has substituted broom handles for cues, and beaten good players by, we are afraid to repeat how many points in a hundred, and that too after a very trying dinner. How he has taken up a long clay pipe and made wonderful strokes with it, even when his eyes were a little dim. How he has cannoned from table to table, and sent balls spinning round hats, and accomplished other feats which seem possible enough when stripped of the exaggerated descriptions that surround them, but which are impossible as some men describe them. That he knows the game of billiards better than any other living player, we believe; but that he now plays it better we do not believe. For twenty years, however, he has been admitted to be the champion of the world, and his unequalled performances during that period are now matters of history. He won the title when Cook was in his cradle. For some time it was believed that Kentfield was a better player, and was really entitled to the post of honour; but he evidently did not feel confident in his superiority, as he declined Roberts's challenge to play for any amount; and it then became an admitted fact that the latter was the best player in the country. Until the late match for the Championship he stood alone, no one having the skill or the courage to attack him at evens. For years he waited for the assault, but no one came. As Rome would not come to him he went to Rome, or rather America and Australia, and threw down the gauntlet all over the world. He wandered about, conquering and teaching, and making money, and then he returned home to spend his dollars and to rest. Those who have never heard of John Roberts, have never handled a cue. For a quarter of a century his name has been constantly heralded in every billiard room in the kingdom, and the echoes have been borne along to the uttermost parts of the earth; his portraits hang on thousands of walls, and his skill has been praised by countless tongues, and so long as men gather round the green cloth, that name will not be forgotten.

Of the ex-champion's wonderful power of endurance we have heard much. In his book, *Roberts on Billiards*, he relates an instance which gives an idea of his staying powers, and of the enormous amount of work he has done in earlier years. We quote his own words. "I had rooms in Glasgow at the time (1846), and an amateur who was in the habit of frequenting them thought that although I was in fine play and doing good training round the table every day, he would be a match for me if I gave 60 points start in 100, marked the game, handed the rest, took out the balls, and spotted the red, &c. On these conditions we agreed to play till one of us stopped voluntarily or through exhaustion. The stakes were ten shillings a game, and whoever gave in first was to forfeit £25 and all claim to anything he might have won. The result is soon told. We played *forty-three* consecutive hours, and then my opponent, whilst making a stroke, fell fainting on his face. During the time 125 games were played." On another occasion Roberts played for over forty consecutive hours with Mr. Joseph Howarth, a Yorkshire player, whose staying powers were also well known.

Although he has, within the last few months, been beaten in the number of consecutive spot strokes, of which he may be considered the father; and although he has also been surpassed in the number of a break, and the rapidity of scoring a thousand game; yet in times past

he has played some splendid matches, and has put together some wonderful scores, that, with one exception, have been beaten by none. His first great match was with Starke, the American, which took place in the Manchester Athenæum, in 1850. Starke received 100 points in 1,000, American game, and was beaten by 321 points. Roberts made some splendid breaks, among which were one of 116 and an unfinished one of 233. In 1855 the same competitors again met to contest a game of 3,000 up, Starke receiving 1,500 points. After ten hours' play, Starke proved the victor by 200 points. In this game Roberts's highest break was 158, including forty-four consecutive spot hazards. When playing with Dufton, at Savile House, in 1862, he made his largest break of 346, in which there was his largest number of consecutive spot strokes—104. In 1858 he scored 188, including fifty-five spots; and in 1861 he scored 68 consecutive spot hazards in a total break of 246. Again, in 1867, when playing with Dufton at Huddersfield, he scored 256, including 78 *chassepots;* and on many other occasions he has strung together three good figures in single breaks. His quickest time for scoring a thousand in a match was one hour and fifty-six minutes, when playing Charles Hughes, to whom he conceded 300 points, and whom he beat by 444 points. He has scored 250 points in thirty-five minutes, when playing Hughes in a handicap; the two last breaks being 128 with 38 spots, and 124 with 39 spots; the latter being unfinished. When playing Alfred Bowles at Oxford, in 1861, he executed a remarkable run of consecutive cannons. By good luck or good manipulation, the balls became wedged, as it were, together in the mouth of a corner pocket, and gave him an opportunity of repeating cannon after cannon without changing their position. In this way he succeeded in scoring 102 cannons, and ran up a break of 240 points. No English player has ever exceeded this extraordinary performance, and in all probability no player ever will, on an English table.

But the spot-stroke, which he learnt from Mr. Lee Birch, of the Union Club, Manchester, became the distinguishing feature of Roberts's play, and, although he had learned it from another, yet he so brought it to what was considered perfection that he became for ever afterwards identified with it. Roberts immediately set about practising it day after day until it became to him a tower of strength, and enabled him completely to distance all other players. As he had learned it, so he taught it, and, as we have seen, was ultimately beaten on his own ground. When Roberts played his match with C. Hughes, in March, 1864, a hundred break was considered something uncommon; and to finish a game of a thousand up in two hours and twenty-three minutes was looked upon as the *ne plus ultra* in point of rapid scoring. Billiard books published two years afterwards refer to this game as the greatest that had been played, and notes of admiration were placed after the sentences that describe the chief points in the play. True it was a brilliant performance throughout, Roberts scoring 400 in three quarters of an hour, and making breaks of 85, 105, 40, 101, 48, 57, 45, 90, 55, and winning by 243 points. Previous to this, Roberts had been frequently beaten by several players, to whom, of course, he conceded points; and it was thought by many that his sun was setting. After this match with Hughes, however, the old confidence in him was restored, and competitors remained afar off. The confidence was not misplaced. Roberts, on other occasions than those we have noticed, subsequently played some splendid games, and, until the advent of Cook, in 1869, his throne was unshaken. Then, however, came ominous sounds and threatening rumours. Men spoke of a David that would conquer Goliah; of a brown-haired boy that would vanquish the grey-haired man; of a William Cook that aspired to the chief seat, and would not be denied. At last the challenge came, and John Roberts took up the gauge. People began to compare his later doings with those of his opponent, and found them wanting. So they had before the match with Hughes, six years since, and they reasoned that as he had prepared for the fight, and achieved the victory then, so he would do now. Then, too, the table on which they were to play was different from old tables. The pockets were a quarter of an inch narrower, the spot was an inch nearer the cushion. That, too, was pronounced favourable to Roberts, whose all-round play was considered superior to Cook's. Those who deceived themselves believed that a twelve hundred game would fatigue the young player, and prove another advantage to the champion, whose staying powers were so well known. But the reasoning was all wrong. The evening came, and at a quarter to two on the morning of the twelfth of February, 1870, Roberts lost the title he had prized so much and defended so well for twenty years. Still his defeat was more honourable to him than some men's victory is to them. We admired his courage and his play; there was the old fire in his eye, and the old consciousness of strength in every stroke; and, although he sat down a beaten man, the world said "Well done."

Since the championship match Roberts has played in public, but has done nothing to add to his previous fame; indeed the exhibition match at Walworth, last week (March 16th), between him and Cook, tended rather to break up the faith of his staunchest supporters. On this occasion the table was one of the old-fashioned kind, and the game was played under the old conditions, 1,000 up evens. Crowds assembled to witness the performance, and crowds had to be turned away for want of room. Intense interest was manifested in the game. Though, as usual, there was no unanimity of opinion, still the majority were on the side of Cook. Roberts, however, backed himself to win and evidently considered his chance a good one. As in the game for the championship so in this one, he commenced rashly, tried to screw in off the red out of baulk, missed, and left Cook a break of 65. His principal scores were 101, 61, and 52; while Cook's were 65, 117, 67, 204, 92, and 53. At one time early in the game, Roberts led by 156 points, but at the interval Cook was 262 in advance, and was never afterwards passed, but ran out a winner by 245 points.

In the coming matches at the Free Trade Hall, the result will, in all probability, be the same. Still such an exhibition of skill will then, no doubt, be seen as we have seldom an opportunity of witnessing; and Roberts will find that, although we cannot welcome him as the champion, yet we still greet him warmly, not only as an old friend and a Lancashire man, but as one of the most remarkable players that the world has ever seen.

ON THE KNIFE-BOARD.

SCENE: An Omnibus. DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: First and Second Passengers.

FIRST P. Hallo, Grampus, got to the top at last? Sit down here. Man at your time of life's got no wind to spare. How are you? Blown: but otherwise—

SECOND P. Bad—very bad. Sticky all over. Shan't be right until I've had a Turkish bath.

FIRST P. Why, what's the matter? Where have you been?

SECOND P. On the jury.

FIRST P. Oh, then you're the very man to tell one all about the assizes. One likes dabbling in law, you know; and when one can't afford the luxury of a suit of one's own, one likes pottering about other people's. And so you were on the jury. Well, what cases were you on?

SECOND P. Beastly patent case. Lasted a day and a half.

FIRST P. Patent case, eh? Well, what was it all about?

SECOND P. Haven't the slightest idea.

FIRST P. But I thought you were on the jury.

SECOND P. So I was.

FIRST P. Then you must know all about it.

SECOND P. But I don't know anything, I tell you,

FIRST P. How could you return a verdict, then?

SECOND P. What's easier? Return a verdict for whichever fellow the judge tells you, subject to an account, or a reference, or a special case, or anything to shelve the thing.

FIRST P. Dear me, though, that's very unsatisfactory.

SECOND P. Not at all. It disposes of the case. And that pleases everybody. It pleases the judge, because he doesn't understand it; it pleases the jury, because they don't understand it; and it pleases the counsel, because *they* don't understand it.

FIRST P. But I should think it doesn't please the parties.

SECOND P. What have they to do with it?

FIRST P. Why, pay.

SECOND P. Well, they make 'em do that.

FIRST P. So you can't tell me what it was like?

SECOND P. Yes, I can. The Schleswig-Holstein question.

FIRST P. *(satisfied)* At least, you can tell me who the counsel were?

SECOND P. No, I can't.

FIRST P. How's that?

SECOND P. Because some of 'em were in the other court, doing something else.

FIRST P. You don't mean to say they take briefs and then don't attend to them! Of course, though, they return the fees.

SECOND P. No doubt.

FIRST P. No doubt.

SECOND P. Manisty was in it. Nice little fellow, Manisty. I like Manisty.

FIRST P. Do you? Why?

SECOND P. He sends one to sleep so beautifully. I could almost think I was in church.

FIRST P. And what other cases were you on?

SECOND P. Oh, compensation case against the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire.

FIRST P. Verdict for plaintiff?

SECOND P. Of course.

FIRST P. Company guilty of negligence?

SECOND P. Not at all. Train pulled up opposite a precipice, and plaintiff chose to jump down it.

FIRST P. Then, the verdict ought to have been for the company.

SECOND P. A verdict for a railway company! What are you thinking of? That would never do. They'd get so cocky there'd be no bearing them. No, no; smash into them, whenever you get the chance.

FIRST P. Besides, when a poor fellow's hurt, its only Christian charity to give him something.

SECOND P. At somebody else's expense.

FIRST P. Precisely.

SECOND P. Then again, I lost a silk umbrella on that line once, and they wouldn't compensate me.

FIRST P. Oh, abominable.

SECOND P. I should think so. They ought to have men to see that passengers don't forget their umbrellas.

FIRST P. Certainly they should.

SECOND P. Badly managed line.

FIRST P. Very.

SECOND P. All lines are badly managed.

FIRST P. Every one of them.

SECOND P. Ought to pay every claim that's made against them.

FIRST P. Certainly they should.

SECOND P. They seem to want to make a profit out of their business.

FIRST P. And it is a public duty to prevent them.

SECOND P. A religious duty. *(Pause.)*

FIRST P. Charley been doing anything lately?

SECOND P. Oh, yes.

FIRST P. What?

SECOND P. Making a noise. To use his own language, casting pearls of oratory before legislative swine. To speak English, braying.

FIRST P. Pitching into Gladstone.

SECOND P. Yes. I don't know who is the more silly—he, to worry; or Gladstone, to be worried. Great mistake to answer him.

FIRST P. Two things about Gladstone I can't stand: his sensitiveness and his pedantry.

SECOND P. Made another long Latin quotation the other night.

FIRST P. As though English wasn't good enough.

SECOND P. Sort of thing one would expect from a small school-boy at the top of a large class.

FIRST P. Horrid bad taste. *(Pause.)*

SECOND P. He! he! he! Old Compton's coming to the Prince's Theatre in August.

FIRST P. Ha! ha! ha! For a year.

SECOND P. He! he! he! What d'you think of it?

FIRST P. Ha! ha! ha! ha! Upon the whole, I think it's a mistake. A short engagement would be well enough.

SECOND P. But to break up a good company that knows how to support him, to put him in a poor company that can't possibly support him—

FIRST P. Just my sentiments.

SECOND P. Only very much better put.

FIRST P. Isolation is the great dramatic blunder of the day.

SECOND P. However, *we've* no cause to grumble. He! he! he!

FIRST P. None whatever. His will be the injury, if any. Ha! ha! ha!

SECOND P. I laugh in anticipation.

FIRST P. And I from recollection. *(Pause.)* *Guardian's* been waking up lately, eh?

SECOND P. Has it? Don't know anything about it. Never see it. Given over taking it.

FIRST P. Oh, but its become quite enterprising. Been In the Slums, and got ill over it.

SECOND P. The *Guardian* ill!

FIRST P. Found out some miserable hovels farmed by a town-councillor.

SECOND P. Who?

FIRST P. Don't know. Didn't say.

SECOND P. Then, it ought to have said.

FIRST P. Well, I don't know. We must make allowances. There are such things as actions, and stupid juries, and heavy damages.

SECOND P. Well, I call it monstrous, that it should be lawful to keep such places, and unlawful to say who keeps them.

FIRST P. But it is a maxim upon which society exists, that words are worse than deeds.

SECOND P. But they aren't. I call the law of libel a monstrosity. I like saying what I think—

FIRST P. *(to himself)* Better than thinking what you say.

SECOND P. And I think I ought to be allowed to do so. And I shall never consider the law of England to be in a satisfactory state until I can express my opinion of what is apparent of the New Exchange without laying myself open to an action for injuring its architects in their profession. There. Good morning. *(Gets down in a perspiration, tumbles off, brings an action against the proprietors, and recovers a large verdict at the next assizes.)*

OUR DAILY PAPERS.

"HE who, speculating on the British Constitution," as the late Mr. Canning, observes every Monday morning in the *Liverpool Albion*, should omit to mention the Press, would make no end of a mistake. We don't remember the exact words, not having a copy of that dear, old, high-priced, respectable, family, once-a-week paper by us, but the sentiment's there. Ever since that comic and lamented statesman spoke, the power of the Press has increased, is increasing, and, in the words of Lord Grey's, or somebody else's, famous resolution, ought to be—— but no, we desire to be on as good terms as may be with our neighbours, so will turn aside and say, "be everything that could be desired." There is no doubt that "we"—not ourselves, but we, the Press—are occasionally just a bit tyrannical; but, as was said of the old French Government, that it was a despotism tempered by epigrams, so ours is a tyranny tempered by advertisements. We are not sure, however, that the temperance isn't getting to be that of the teetotaller, and that the remedy isn't becoming worse than the disease. It is a primary condition of our newspaper with us that there be something interesting to read in it; secondly, that whether there is that or not, there shall be some news; sixth and lastly, that the police reports shall be stuck in at various places, like plums in a pudding; and, to conclude, that it be not all advertisements; for the advertising ivy which served well enough to ornament the outside of the stem, has now invaded the branches, and threatens to stifle the very life out of the parent stock.

We take up our paper every morning very much as we begin the day. We go through it in the hope that something interesting may be found in it, and we come to the end of it, with some rare and singular exceptions, without having met with anything that was worth a moment's consideration, and we are not particularly disappointed. The man that had killed a pig and was afterwards asked by a neighbour how much it weighed, gave, we have always thought, a very good reply. "Why," he said, "it didn't weigh as much as I expected, and I never thought it would." A vague, shadowy kind of hope, almost amounting sometimes to an expectation, that we shall be gratified with something we meet with, encourages us to travel through the columns to the very colophon, the Publisher's name, and his private residence, to which we are somewhere—very unnecessarily as it appears to us—warned not to send "communications," and we lay down our *Guardian* or whatever it is, and find that all along we have had a strong underlying consciousness that it would be of no use, and it isn't.

There is one thing, however, which proves the wonderful vitality of the press, and that is the leading article, as it is called, or the leader. This oppressive burden, this heavy weight, with which every paper now, diurnal or weekly, is chained down, is still, for some mysterious causes, borne. A great deal has been said of late about sermons—in complaint generally, since, if you don't like or don't want them, your only remedy is giving up going to church altogether. There is one thing which a leader has in common with a sermon: you can't answer it. But you can have your revenge on it in another way. You needn't read it. But who, after all, does read leaders, we should like to know? And if there is a still greater secret it is, who writes them? Are they written at all? Or are they put together from the hap-hazard alphabetic combinations of the mechanical frame which Gulliver saw used in the University of Laputa? Like sermons, also, we have heard rumours that they can be bought by the dozen cheap; lithographed, perhaps, with "a great saving in taking a quantity." Analogous to the stories current of the curate innocently preaching in the evening the same sermon as the rector had preached in the morning are those of the same leading article appearing simultaneously in journals published in places far asunder; and we have actually seen in a Yorkshire paper, bought and read through during a long, tiresome journey from Scarborough, the same leader that we saw by accident in that blundering old blue-bottle, the *Manchester Morning Herald*, the very next day. Would that we could abolish both leaders and sermons, even, say, for a year.

That a dim consciousness of the ponderous gravity of the leader exists in the minds of newspaper managers is apparent from the ways and means taken, from time to time, to lighten or shift the burthen. The *Guardian* has all the theatrical advertisements, like buoys floating on the surface, to indicate the whereabouts of the article underneath; while the *Examiner*, having already disposed of such light matter in the first page, has no other resource but to endeavour to raise it by small paragraphs or sub-leaders, in the same way that empty barrels and air-tight caissons are used to float sinking or over-laden vessels. The *Courier*, or *Currier*, as it generally gets called, would be well worth a "tanner" a week if it could or did shuffle off that mortal coil of leaders which embarrasses it, for it isn't an altogether bad sort of a paper, we think, though we *do* often find things in it that we have read a day or two before, and though its news is tumbled into its columns in such a shiftless, hap-hazard, higgledy-piggledy way, that looking for anything we want to read is like the proverbial search for a needle in a bundle of hay.

We should like, in the interest of the public, to grumble a little about that sheeted Sahara, the "Commercial" page; but the Turf columns are a greater enormity. What is the reason of the extraordinary prominence and space, accorded of late years by the Manchester daily newspapers, to racing "intelligence" as it is called, forsooth? Even while the snows of winter lie on the north looking slopes, we are treated to a column or two every day, with lists of names, from classic to blasphemous inclusive, of horses that are supposed to be going to run, and the betting done or suggested at London and here about them, followed by advertisements, no doubt well paid for, of pretended prophets, who for a shilling—we are wrong—twelve stamps, will give you from a back street in Hulme or Bank Top the winner of every race to be run that week in the kingdom; or at various prices, from 10s. 6d. to 30s., offer the like valuable information for the rest of the year. An old acquaintance of ours, who had calculated our sympathy with his chronic impecuniosity to a dime, used generally to inquire before leaving if we hadn't such a thing as ninepence about us. But an "old racing hand" offers to send us the winners of three races for—sevenpence, curious sum—and as this appears day after day and in several journals, what does it not suggest? Another advertisement jauntily tells gentlemen of position that they should forward a stamped envelope for Jones's winning rebus, and—win a few thousands immediately! Who is it, or rather who are they, with as much brains as a duck, that make it profitable enough to pay for these advertisements? As if all this were not enough, two or three times a week comes the newspaper's own prophet, who, one supposes, does not prophecy for nothing, with a long screed of what is sure to win. Now in all this we think the Press has blame to take to itself, in using so considerable a part of its wondrous power in support—not of racing, for with that we find no more fault than Sir Joseph Hawley himself—but of betting. Stripped of all fine words, it is a fostering and encouraging of gambling, and gambling of a kind which is considered by the law to be so baneful and obnoxious to public interests, that even the proprietors of rooms and places where it is carried on are punished severely, as the police reports have not long since shown. It is no excuse to say that if one paper doesn't do it another will. There are some papers, like the *Leeds Mercury*, that don't admit a line about the Turf, and the best papers have only an occasional paragraph on races that the public in general take an interest in, such as the Derby or the St. Leger. The press can combine easily enough to procure news, or what passes for such. Surely they can combine in favour of common public morality!

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

EXIT DICKENS.

THE lights are turned off; Mr. Dickens has taken the last final farewell leave, of his last final farewell series of leaves, of the stage. The occasion has evoked a leader from the *Daily News*, in which the public is congratulated on the exodus, upon the score that Mr. Dickens's true function is writing and not reading, and that publicly exhibiting himself behind the lectern is a little *infra dig* The *Daily News* takes credit to itself for not having mentioned this while the readings were in progress: we take credit to ourselves for having mentioned it while the readings were in full swing. It is extraordinary what perverted notions newspapers have of their critical duties. Here we find so honourable and enlightened a publication as the *Daily News* actually making a merit of having sacrificed its plain duty to the public, to supply it with good criticism, to a fanciful respect for Mr. Dickens, that induces it to give an immunity from, not only adverse notice, but even difference of opinion. It even goes so far as to say that Mr. Dickens is beyond criticism. Now it is a matter of almost common observation that admirable as he is in many respects, in others no one lays himself more open to critical censure. Remarks like these show how absurdly a newspaper will write, when it indites an article more to an individual than to the public.

SECRESY IN THE CITY COUNCIL.

Nothing can be more unsatisfactory than the City Council's mode of transacting the town's business. The one desire of the members seems to be to do everything out of sight, to keep their constituents in the dark, and to avoid publicity. When, after a two years' persistent agitation of the question, the General Purposes Committee (*i.e.*, the whole Council) was induced to throw open its doors to the reporters, we were in hopes we should obtain some insight into the conduct and administration of the town's affairs. Vain delusion! Only by the merest chance, by stray hints, by words casually dropt in the course of a formal debate (like Alderman Rumney's statement about the cottages erected under the powers of the Artizans' Dwellings Act) can anything be learnt of important transactions in process of execution, when, of course, it is too late to express an opinion on the subject or avert what may prove a public injury. The purchase of land for gas-works near Philips Park (of all places in the city) was made known in this indirect and imperfect fashion; and now we learn, by a letter to the papers, that another extraordinary purchase of land for the erection of a slaughter-house and wholesale meat market in Water Street, close by one of the largest of the corporation sewage and scavenging depôts, has just been, or is about to be, effected. This has been done not only without the knowledge of the inhabitants, but actually without the cognizance of a large part of the Council. Mr. Henry Ogden, a former councillor, shall explain how. "There is," he says, "a sort of masonic secrecy observed that the business of each committee must be kept within and to itself; in fact, there must be no tales 'told out of school;' and, in consequence, the committees are to a great extent secret. The probability is that this matter of a slaughter-house would, in the first place, be referred to a sub-committee of four, whose business would be to go out prospecting for a site. The one in Water Street would present itself; the sanitary objection not occurring to them, it would be recommended for purchase. The committee is composed of fourteen, three or four of whom are perhaps absent. Amongst the remaining ten there will likely be a difference of opinion. On the resolution being put, it is carried by a

small majority—perhaps by the casting vote of the chairman. Thus this important resolution (in which perhaps six or seven only may have concurred) affecting the health and lives of the inhabitants is, at the next Council meeting, hurriedly read over with all the less and unimportant business of the month, and, amid the usual noise and conversation, passed and confirmed; and thus becomes law without four fifths of the Corporation knowing what they have done. Indeed, the proceedings of the committee are often confirmed and approved without being read at all." Mr. Ogden suggests as a remedy that all members of the Council should have access to all committees, but we fail to perceive how this would prove effectual. We must get rid of the exclusive and secretive *spirit*, which broods over the Town Hall like an evil atmosphere, before we can substitute a satisfactory for the present pernicious system.

THE IRWELL WEIRS AND THE DEATH RATE.

Mr. E. W. Binney, in a paper read at the last meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society, asked very pertinently why, in all the schemes for the purification of the filthy Irwell, the weirs which intercept its progress are allowed to remain. There is one high weir near the Crescent in Salford, and another at Throstle Nest; and everyone knows the noisome and offensive state of the river for half a mile before it reaches the last-named point, where all the filth accumulates and sends forth its poisonous exhalations. There are weirs also upon the Medlock, notably one opposite Messrs. Westhead and Co.'s mill, in Lower Brook Street; and similar obstructions, we believe, are to be found in the Irk. Now, it is a well-known fact that if these streams were allowed their natural flow they would scour their channels without much assistance from man, and certainly carry off the bulk of the impurities which our defective legislation permits to be committed to their charge. The city of Manchester, in conjunction with the property-owners on the banks, has recently sanctioned an expenditure of some £30,000, or more, in cleansing the bed of the river Medlock. So long as the weirs remain, the undertaking is little more than a costly farce, which, ere many years have passed away, will have to be repeated. But what is to become of vested interests if the dams are removed, and especially that complicated vested interest which is concerned in the maintenance of the navigation of the Irwell between Albert Bridge and Throstle Nest? It is a big question: let us commend the solution of the difficulty to sanitary and mechanical engineers. If it can be shown that the exceptionally high death rate of Manchester and Salford is largely due to the state of the rivers—these huge open sewers which affect the most thickly populated and poorest districts of the city and borough—no claim on the part of vested interests must be permitted to interfere with the adoption of complete remedial measures.

HOW MOSES SAVED MY LIFE.

BY ATECHNOS.

WHAT a mistake it is to affirm, as some people do, that existence in Manchester is unvaried and monotonous. I don't think there is a city in the United Kingdom where men's lives and fortunes undergo so much variation or so many vicissitudes. In Manchester it is next to impossible for a man, at least in a business career, to remain in a stationary condition. He must either move onwards or backwards, and, on the long road which stretches between the workhouse and the cotton palace, there is surely variety enough for anyone.

It often amuses me to reflect on the many phases through which I passed before I attained my present position, and as I rolled in my carriage up the Pendleton Road, a few days ago, *en route* to a very swell party at Eccles, a certain spot near the Crescent recalled to my memory the circumstances of a drive I once took, or rather was taken, many years ago, over the same ground. At the time in question I was a very junior partner in the house of which I am now the head, and had just celebrated my advancement in the world by purchasing a horse. It was a cheap horse, certainly, but still a horse, and as I was about as well qualified to ride as to be a suffragan bishop, the niceties of equine perfection would have been thrown away on me.

My horse was really more like a giraffe than anything else. He had a long thin barrel of a body, and a huge bony head, set on to a neck which looked like a syphon. I don't know a fault that my steed did not possess in its most aggravated form, and, putting appearance aside, his action was the most intolerable combination of churning, bone-setting, and bread-making, you can possibly imagine. His colour was a dirty white. Nevertheless, my horse had at least one redeeming point—he afforded a great deal of strong exercise for a very small outlay of time; and once on returning from a short ride one very cold day, a comic friend, in view of my own state of white heat and the steed's generally mealy colour, advised me to call the animal "Baker," and so Baker he was from that day.

How manifold are the snares of ambition! I had not possessed Baker many weeks, and had, through his influence, only lost about three stone in weight, when the idea took possession of me that he would perhaps do better in harness. "Between the shafts," said I, "is the sphere of my Baker's 'action.' In harness his arched neck and huge head will show to advantage; while his jumpy and jolty mode of progression will banish any suspicion of his being a bleached hearse horse." Alas! how soon were my desires to be fulfilled! We have only to imagine a very vain thing, and we are sure to get it seven times into our bosoms. Just at this time a Brazilian correspondent of my firm had given us instructions to purchase and send out to him a four-wheel drag, of the newest pattern and most fashionable appearance. Being entitled, through my ownership of Baker, to the assumption of some knowledge on such matters, I was entrusted with the execution of the commission, and, knowing Don Scarlatino's taste in prints, I determined that there should be nothing to complain of in the way of tameness in the colour of his vehicle.

It was a certain day in Whit-week when the drag was delivered to us in a completed state. Everything that money could command or "taste" devise had been lavished on that conveyance. Though brilliant red was the prevailing colour, the sister hues of the spectrum had been gracefully acknowledged, and that which was not bright colour was either plated silver or the most shiny leather I ever beheld. I was meditating on the sensation which this locomotive rainbow would create in Brazil, and the "joy for ever" it would be to Don Scarlatino, when my reverie was interrupted by the tread of a well-known foot. I turned, and greeted the friend of my bosom. His name was Moses. Dear reader, do not hastily rush at the conclusion that, because my friend possessed this Mosaic name, his theological horizon was bounded by the binding of the Old Testament. True, Moses had a very big and very pulpy nose; but so have I, and yet you would as soon assign my birthplace to Patagonia as to Palestine. I don't think you could accuse Moses of any deeply-rooted theological bigotry, and, in fact, he appeared to go through life like many who "profess and call themselves Christians" as though there had been neither an Old nor a New Dispensation; and though Moses spoke with somewhat of a foreign accent, his vices were thoroughly English. True, his name suggested something, but why not the Vicar of Wakefield? Then again, in some things he was *very* economical. Moses, though a youngish man, was decidedly fat—not fat exactly in the jolly sense, but baggily fat. Whether the wines he drank were too light or his exercise insufficient I can't tell, but there was a lack of solidity about his bulk most unsatisfactory; while "the muscles of his brawny arm" (brawny in the sense of fat pork) would have caused a member of the Athletic Club to turn aside and weep bitterly. He was like a very big sack with a very little meal in it, and when he sat down in an arm-chair he seemed to pervade every crevice of it.

"Devilish nich trap," said Moses, surveying the slice of rainbow.

"Capital," I replied, "and especially adapted to the manners and customs of the place it is going to;" adding, "it seems almost a pity to send it off without getting some use out of it." These words proved our knell. Moses caught up the idea in a second.

"Why not," said he, "put Baker into it and drive to the races to-morrow? It would look dam't stylish; and, besides, would be very economical."

A chord was struck, harmonious in both our bosoms. The deed was to be done; it now only remained to prepare for it. A "vet" to whom I had become, through Baker's constantly recurring ailments, a more reliable source of annuity than most assurance offices could be, promised, not only to lend me the necessary harness, but also to "fit me up" with a groom for the occasion—and so he did.

A certain novelist tells us that perfect happiness never lasts more than two seconds in this world. I really think that such happiness was

enjoyed by Moses and myself as the resplendent vehicle, with wheels like a revolving kaleidoscope, was drawn by the heraldic looking Baker to my office door. It was only when we gained a closer inspection of the turn-out that our satisfaction was somewhat alloyed. If there *was* any falling off it was in the matter of the groom. "Ned" was as well known as the "vet" himself, and his contempt for conventionalities and general easiness of manner had made him a favourite with all. If Ned had simply contented himself with his stable jacket, all would have been well; the turn-out would then have looked like what it was, an experimental cruise, but—oh! ambition—he had tried to look like a private servant, and failed—oh! so terribly. To specify all the points of the failure would take too long a time. The undulating hat brim, the shady necktie, unkempt hair, gaiters, and huge bluchers that quite overtaxed the concealing powers of the footboard, all—all—told an o'er true tale. Then, again, his whitey-blue tunic was decked with silvery-coppery buttons, and, worst horror of all, of the two buttons which graced his back, one was silver, the other cloth! However, if no one else was satisfied, Ned was, and when I had grasped the reins, and Moses had flopped into his seat, he folded his arms as tightly as his cotton gloves would allow, and looked proud both of himself and the situation. Our drive to the racecourse was not an unmixed pleasure. Baker pulled abominably, and it was only when an obstructive omnibus stopped his efforts at too rapid progress that I had any peace of mind or body. From the very first we discovered that our turn-out, as a matter of equipage, was a decided failure. To everyone who knew us it seemed to afford more amusement than envy; and, even had not Moses's pale, distrustful countenance, and my own anxious expression, revealed the fact that, though we might be out for show, we were certainly not there for pleasure, Ned's conduct alone would have been sufficient to blow upon the whole concern. He seemed to know everyone, gentle and simple, and carried on a running fire of chaff and chat along the entire route.

We all know what the Manchester races are like, or, if anyone doesn't, his bliss shall remain unto him. Moses got up a "shveep" with great labour, and we each cheerfully dropped a sovereign; and, when I saw at last a sure way to recover my fortunes by laying short odds against a certain winner (every winner is certain at Manchester); after murmuring, "he will return, I know he will" during an hour's anxious waiting, the conviction was at last forced upon me that my Cambrian friend not only wouldn't return, but never intended to do. Disgusted with the morals, dust, and "sport" of the turf, Moses and I, after quaffing a bowl of corrosive fluid called champagne, resolved to return home. We found Ned at the door engaged, with the assistance of two Aunt Sally men, in hauling Baker down from a rampant attitude. "He'll be all right when we gets on the road," said Ned, "and don't you think it would be a quieter way home by Pendleton?" We were "unanimous as Jonah."

With the exception of Baker's obvious determination to pull my hands off, all went tolerably well for some time. I began to feel more at ease, and Moses had just lit a cigar—when, on turning into the main road, we were greeted by a sudden outburst of huzzas from a group of very dirty little boys, whose feelings were no doubt excited by our gorgeous appearance. I have said that Baker evinced a strong homeward tendency, and this untimely yell put a climax to his intentions. His long ears went less, his long neck shot out, and he fled down the stony street as if the *somebody* was after him. Moses's cigar dropped from his livid jaw, even Ned turned pale, and I, worked up as I had been by the day's proceedings, to a fearful sense of apprehension, could have almost screamed with terror.

Down—down the street we sped. Baker's heels striking fire, and the rainbow bouncing on the stones like a cricket ball. In an agony I passed one end of the reins to Ned in the back seat, and we both hauled together. It was "pull devil pull Baker" with a vengeance. But all to no purpose. You might as well have tried to stop an express train with a skipping rope.

"Mein Gott, mein Gott," cried Moses, in the language of those fathers to whom he was now fearful of being suddenly gathered, "ve shall be dedt, ve shall be dedt." How we escaped collision with the various coal-carts and omnibuses on the road, is a miracle which would have delighted the Œcumenical Council. My heart was paralysed with horror, and my wearied muscles could no longer offer even a show of resistance to Baker's iron mouth. Suddenly I heard a grunt of intelligence from the direction of Moses, and on turning round, saw a gleam of hope in his pallid visage. "See, see," said he. "What?" I whispered. Moses pointed to a largish group of men in the middle of the road. "Drive at 'em," he cried, with a look almost of inspiration, "they *must* be softer than the stones."

As to whether I could have guided the horse round the crowd, or could have shouted a warning, I did not, nor shall I now examine my conscience. All I know is, that if the deed was evil, Moses had as much hand in it as myself, for he clutched at the near rein with all his flabby force, and so inevitably linked our fate with the group in front of us. Whether the men were discussing household suffrage, vote by ballot, or only the sporting event of the day, I never learnt; but whatever the subject was, it must have been one of paramount interest, for they heard not the approach of the destroyer. In another second Baker's huge head, relentless as a battering ram, clove the fustian phalanx, and Ned, Moses, rainbow, and the political questions of the day, were merged in a chaotic mass. I forbear to translate the expressions that greeted us when we rose, bewildered to our feet. If the "previous questions" had been discussed in parliamentary language, the amendment which Baker had moved certainly was not. Broken noses and black eyes were not the worst; there were some broken bones, and though Moses had saved himself by judiciously falling on a man almost as puffy as himself, I had sustained a knocking about which lasted me for many a week. We emptied our pockets on the spot; but that was only a drop in the bucket. Doctors' bills, "refreshments," and all sorts of compensatory attentions, to say nothing of the cost of a new rainbow, ran the "demnition tottle" up to a sum that made us gasp. "Oh! trumpery, oh Moses!" I groaned, while signing a cheque for the amount, "never, never, will I again embark on an expedition which is to be 'dam't stylish and very economical."'

THE RHYMSTER'S REVENGE.

BEING A YEARLY ODE TO HIS NATIVE CITY.

THOU haunt of Bronchitis! Of little avail is
This annual tribute of scorn and disdain,
But, as it my custom to cavil and rail is
Against thee—here goes for a joyless refrain.

When that mystical milk, which to man appertaineth,
In me turns to curd by this easterly breeze,
'Tis then I revile thee; though little he gaineth
Whose sarcasm halts, twixt a sneer and a sneeze.

And to sanction the motive full scant is the reason,
For slender the ties are that bind me to thee;
But the way and the will will give way at this season,
And I rail at the pests I am nerveless to flee.

Abode of the horrors, whene'er from thy grimness,
By the goodness of heaven I joyfully 'scape,
There steals o'er my senses a rapturous dimness,
And I deem thee as but some intangible shape.

When the ether I quaff, roaming free o'er the heather,
With what gusto a toper his tankard might drain,
I feel little doubt in my mind as to whether,
Or not, I am anxious to see thee again;

And I think, with profoundest emotions of pity,
On mortals less favoured, be-desked and be-stooled,
Who plod out their lives mid the craft of a city,
Where the few are be-flattered, the many be-fooled.

I could sit, far removed from thy turmoil and clamour,
By some rural road side a breaker of stone,
Content with a shilling a day and a hammer,
And a tit-bit or two in the way of ozone;

And inhaling the freshness of air unpolluted,
With the Nature around me now ofttimes forgot,
I should feel my youth's faith was not wholly uprooted,
And the sceptic within me as though it were not.

My signs of advancement are distant and dreary,
And are as they are wheresoe'er I may stray;
The friends I possess are Bohemian and beery,
And I cannot give thanks I am better than they;

Yet if I to leave thee am never unwilling,
'Tis but to return once again and once more,
Like the dog in the proverb; or spurious shilling;
Or a derelict bung to the scum of the shore.

Thou haunt of Bronchitis! Of little avail 'tis
To pine in thy precincts and vainly to scoff,
But e'en when o'erpowered by physical frailties,
I shall jerk out my scorn at the heels of a cough.

When at last—thou abode of the horrors—I vanish,
With no ghost of a choice to revisit thee more,
Survivors will say I, though cranky, was clannish,
And "*civis Romanus sum*" little a bore.

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7.—Mr. George Grote.
8.—Mr. George Augustus Sala.
9.—Mr. Hepworth Dixon.
10.—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
11.—Mr. John Ruskin.
12.—Mr. Henry W. Longfellow.

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The following articles, under this title, have appeared in the *Sphinx*:—

1.—John Byrom.
2.—The Great Duke of Bridgewater, with a notice of Brindley, the Engineer.
3.—A Chapter in the Romance of Science (Jeremiah Horrocks).
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During every break of wintry weather exertions should be made by the afflicted to recover health before unremitting cold and trying storms set in. Throat ailments, coughs, wheezings, asthmatical affections, shortness of breath, morning nausea and accumulations of phlegm can readily be removed by rubbing this fine derivative Ointment twice a day upon the chest and neck. Holloway's treatment is strongly recommended with the view of giving immediate ease, preventing prospective danger and effecting permanent relief. These all-important ends his Ointment and Pills can accomplish, and will surely prevent insidious diseases from fastening on the constitution to display themselves afterwards in those disastrous forms that will probably embitter life till death itself is almost prayed for.

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enjoyed by Moses and myself as the resplendent vehicle, with wheels like a revolving kaleidoscope, was drawn by the heraldic looking Baker to my office door. It was only when we gained a closer inspection of the turn-out that our satisfaction was somewhat alloyed. If there *was* any falling off it was in the matter of the groom. "Ned" was as well known as the "vet" himself, and his contempt for conventionalities and general easiness of manner had made him a favourite with all. If Ned had simply contented himself with his stable jacket, all would have been well; the turn-out would then have looked like what it was, an experimental cruise, but—oh! ambition—he had tried to look like a private servant, and failed—oh! so terribly. To specify all the points of the failure would take too long a time. The undulating hat brim, the shady necktie, unkempt hair, gaiters, and huge bluchers that quite overtaxed the concealing powers of the footboard, all—all—told an o'er true tale. Then, again, his whitey-blue tunic was decked with silvery-coppery buttons, and, worst horror of all, of the two buttons which graced his back, one was silver, the other cloth! However, if no one else was satisfied, Ned was, and when I had grasped the reins, and Moses had flopped into his seat, he folded his arms as tightly as his cotton gloves would allow, and looked proud both of himself and the situation. Our drive to the racecourse was not an unmixed pleasure. Baker pulled abominably, and it was only when an obstructive omnibus stopped his efforts at too rapid progress that I had any peace of mind or body. From the very first we discovered that our turn-out, as a matter of equipage, was a decided failure. To everyone who knew us it seemed to afford more amusement than envy; and, even had not Moses's pale, distrustful countenance, and my own anxious expression, revealed the fact that, though we might be out for show, we were certainly not there for pleasure, Ned's conduct alone would have been sufficient to blow upon the whole concern. He seemed to know everyone, gentle and simple, and carried on a running fire of chaff and chat along the entire route.

We all know what the Manchester races are like, or, if anyone doesn't, his bliss shall remain unto him. Moses got up a "shveep" with great labour, and we each cheerfully dropped a sovereign; and, when I saw at last a sure way to recover my fortunes by laying short odds against a certain winner (every winner is certain at Manchester); after murmuring, "he will return, I know he will" during an hour's anxious waiting, the conviction was at last forced upon me that my Cambrian friend not only wouldn't return, but never intended to do. Disgusted with the morals, dust, and "sport" of the turf, Moses and I, after quaffing a bowl of corrosive fluid called champagne, resolved to return home. We found Ned at the door engaged, with the assistance of two Aunt Sally men, in hauling Baker down from a rampant attitude. "He'll be all right when we gets on the road," said Ned, "and don't you think it would be a quieter way home by Pendleton?" We were "unanimous as Jonah."

With the exception of Baker's obvious determination to pull my hands off, all went tolerably well for some time. I began to feel more at ease, and Moses had just lit a cigar—when, on turning into the main road, we were greeted by a sudden outburst of huzzas from a group of very dirty little boys, whose feelings were no doubt excited by our gorgeous appearance. I have said that Baker evinced a strong homeward tendency, and this untimely yell put a climax to his intentions. His long ears went less, his long neck shot out, and he fled down the stony street as if the *somebody* was after him. Moses's cigar dropped from his livid jaw, even Ned turned pale, and I, worked up as I had been by the day's proceedings, to a fearful sense of apprehension, could have almost screamed with terror.

Down—down the street we sped. Baker's heels striking fire, and the rainbow bouncing on the stones like a cricket ball. In an agony I passed one end of the reins to Ned in the back seat, and we both hauled together. It was "pull devil pull Baker" with a vengeance. But all to no purpose. You might as well have tried to stop an express train with a skipping rope.

"Mein Gott, mein Gott," cried Moses, in the language of those fathers to whom he was now fearful of being suddenly gathered, "ve shall be dedt, ve shall be dedt." How we escaped collision with the various coal-carts and omnibuses on the road, is a miracle which would have delighted the Œcumenical Council. My heart was paralysed with horror, and my wearied muscles could no longer offer even a show of resistance to Baker's iron mouth. Suddenly I heard a grunt of intelligence from the direction of Moses, and on turning round, saw a gleam of hope in his pallid visage. "See, see," said he. "What?" I whispered. Moses pointed to a largish group of men in the middle of the road. "Drive at 'em," he cried, with a look almost of inspiration, "they *must* be softer than the stones."

As to whether I could have guided the horse round the crowd, or could have shouted a warning, I did not, nor shall I now examine my conscience. All I know is, that if the deed was evil, Moses had as much hand in it as myself, for he clutched at the near rein with all his flabby force, and so inevitably linked our fate with the group in front of us. Whether the men were discussing household suffrage, vote by ballot, or only the sporting event of the day, I never learnt; but whatever the subject was, it must have been one of paramount interest, for they heard not the approach of the destroyer. In another second Baker's huge head, relentless as a battering ram, clove the fustian phalanx, and Ned, Moses, rainbow, and the political questions of the day, were merged in a chaotic mass. I forbear to translate the expressions that greeted us when we rose, bewildered to our feet. If the "previous questions" had been discussed in parliamentary language, the amendment which Baker had moved certainly was not. Broken noses and black eyes were not the worst; there were some broken bones, and though Moses had saved himself by judiciously falling on a man almost as puffy as himself, I had sustained a knocking about which lasted me for many a week. We emptied our pockets on the spot; but that was only a drop in the bucket. Doctors' bills, "refreshments," and all sorts of compensatory attentions, to say nothing of the cost of a new rainbow, ran the "demnition tottle" up to a sum that made us gasp. "Oh! trumpery, oh Moses!" I groaned, while signing a cheque for the amount, "never, never, will I again embark on an expedition which is to be 'dam't stylish and very economical."'

THE RHYMSTER'S REVENGE.

BEING A YEARLY ODE TO HIS NATIVE CITY.

THOU haunt of Bronchitis! Of little avail is
This annual tribute of scorn and disdain,
But, as it my custom to cavil and rail is
Against thee—here goes for a joyless refrain.

When that mystical milk, which to man appertaineth,
In me turns to curd by this easterly breeze,
'Tis then I revile thee; though little he gaineth
Whose sarcasm halts, twixt a sneer and a sneeze.

And to sanction the motive full scant is the reason,
For slender the ties are that bind me to thee;
But the way and the will will give way at this season,
And I rail at the pests I am nerveless to flee.

Abode of the horrors, whene'er from thy grimness,
By the goodness of heaven I joyfully 'scape,
There steals o'er my senses a rapturous dimness,
And I deem thee as but some intangible shape.

When the ether I quaff, roaming free o'er the heather,
With what gusto a toper his tankard might drain,
I feel little doubt in my mind as to whether,
Or not, I am anxious to see thee again;

And I think, with profoundest emotions of pity,
On mortals less favoured, be-desked and be-stooled,
Who plod out their lives mid the craft of a city,
Where the few are be-flattered, the many be-fooled.

I could sit, far removed from thy turmoil and clamour,
By some rural road side a breaker of stone,
Content with a shilling a day and a hammer,
And a tit-bit or two in the way of ozone;

And inhaling the freshness of air unpolluted,
With the Nature around me now ofttimes forgot,
I should feel my youth's faith was not wholly uprooted,
And the sceptic within me as though it were not.

My signs of advancement are distant and dreary,
And are as they are wheresoe'er I may stray;
The friends I possess are Bohemian and beery,
And I cannot give thanks I am better than they;

Yet if I to leave thee am never unwilling,
'Tis but to return once again and once more,
Like the dog in the proverb; or spurious shilling;
Or a derelict bung to the scum of the shore.

Thou haunt of Bronchitis! Of little avail 'tis
To pine in thy precincts and vainly to scoff,
But e'en when o'erpowered by physical frailties,
I shall jerk out my scorn at the heels of a cough.

When at last—thou abode of the horrors—I vanish,
With no ghost of a choice to revisit thee more,
Survivors will say I, though cranky, was clannish,
And "*civis Romanus sum*" little a bore.

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A series of biographical and critical sketches of eminent authors, under the above title, is now in course of publication in the *Sphinx*. The following have appeared:—

1.—Mr. Alfred Tennyson.
2.—Mr. Anthony Trollope.
3.—Mr. Algernon Swinburne.
4.—Mr. Mark Lemon, of *Punch*.
5.—Lord Lytton.
6.—Mr. Charles Lever.
7.—Mr. George Grote.
8.—Mr. George Augustus Sala.
9.—Mr. Hepworth Dixon.
10.—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
11.—Mr. John Ruskin.
12.—Mr. Henry W. Longfellow.

LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.

The following articles, under this title, have appeared in the *Sphinx*:—

1.—John Byrom.
2.—The Great Duke of Bridgewater, with a notice of Brindley, the Engineer.
3.—A Chapter in the Romance of Science (Jeremiah Horrocks).
4.—Humphrey Chetham.
5.—The Inventor of the Spinning Mule (Samuel Crompton).
6.—Barton Booth, the Actor.
7.—John Collier (Tim Bobbin).

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MR. RUSKIN'S FIRST LECTURE AT OXFORD.

MR. John Ruskin's first lecture as Slade Professor of the Fine Arts was delivered, to a crowded audience, in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford. The following are a few of the most striking passages:—

WEALTH AND ART.

By the rapid changes in the distribution of wealth we have a vast and new patronage, which in its present agency is injurious to our schools of work; but which is, nevertheless, in a great degree earnest and conscientious, and far from being influenced chiefly by motives of ostentation. Most of our rich men would be glad to promote the true interests of art in this country; and even those who buy for vanity place their vanity in possessing what they suppose to be best. It is therefore, in a great measure, the fault of the artists themselves if they suffer from this more or less unintelligent but thoroughly well-intended patronage. If they seek to attract it by eccentricity, to deceive it by superficial qualities, or to take advantage of it by facile ones, they necessarily degrade themselves and it together, and have no right to complain afterwards that it will not acknowledge better grounded claims. But if every painter of real power would do only what he knew to be best, and refuse to be involved in the contention for undeserved or accidental success, there is, indeed, whatever may have been thought or said to the contrary, true instinct enough in the public mind to follow such firm guidance. It is one of the facts which the experience of thirty years enables me to assert without qualification, that a really good picture is ultimately always approved and bought, unless it is wilfully rendered offensive to the public by faults which the artist has been either too proud to abandon or too weak to correct.

RUSKIN AND TURNER.

It may, perhaps, surprise, but I think it will please you, to hear me, or (if you will permit me in my own Oxford the presumption of fancying that some may recognize me by an old name) to hear the author of *Modern Painters*, say that his principal past errors have been not in overestimating, but in too slightly acknowledging, merit of living men. He whose power while he was yet among us I was able to perceive was the first to reprove me for my disregard of the work of his fellow artists, and with this inauguration of the study of the arts of all time, a study which can only by true modesty end in wise admiration, it is surely well that I connect the record of these words of his, spoken then too truly to myself—and true always more or less of all who are untrained in that toil—"You don't know how difficult it is."

ENGLISH ART.

We can do much that others cannot, and more than we have ever yet ourselves completely done. Our first great gift is in true portraiture of living people—a power already so accomplished in both Reynolds and Gainsborough that nothing is left for future masters but to add the calm of perfect workmanship to their vigour and felicity of perception. And of what value a true school of portraiture may become in the future, when worthy men will only desire to be known—and others will not fear to know them, for what they truly were, we cannot from any past records of art influence yet conceive. But in my next address it will be partly my endeavour to show you how much more useful, because more humble, the labour of great masters might have been, had they been content to bear record of the souls that were dwelling with them on earth, instead of striving to give a deceptive glory to those they dreamed of in heaven.

Secondly: We have an intense power of invention and expression in domestic drama. It is in this field that the greatest intellectual work of the nation hitherto has been done, *King Lear* and *Hamlet* being essentially domestic in their strongest motives of interest. There is a tendency at this moment towards a noble development of our art in this direction, checked by many adverse conditions which may be summed in one; the insufficiency of generous or thoughtful passion in the heart of the English people, a fault which makes its domestic affections selfish, and therefore frivolous. Thirdly. But partly connected with our simplicity and good humour, partly with that very love of the grotesque which debases our ideal, we have sympathy with the lower animals which is peculiarly our own, and which, though it has already found some exquisite expression in the work of Bewick and the aid of our now authoritative science of Landseer, is yet quite undeveloped, and with physiology and in association with our British love of adventure, will, I hope, enable us to give to the future inhabitants of the globe an almost perfect record of the present forms of animal life upon it, of which many are on the point of being extinguished.

NEW AMERICAN WORDS.—Two new words *Mossyback* and *Carpetbagger*, have come into use in the Southern States of America. A Mossyback is a man who secreted himself in the woods or swamps to escape the conscription for the Southern army, where he is said to have remained hidden until the moss grew on his back. A Carpetbagger is an adventurer from the Northern States who has gone to the South to be elected to office by the votes of the negroes. A carpet-bag is sufficient to contain all his luggage, and his character is usually on a par with his property.

A FUNERAL MARCH.—A composer once called upon Rossini, and obtained permission to play a piece of his own composing. He sat himself down to the piano, banged, ran up and down, bent himself double, and threw his nose into the air, and at last stopped, exhausted. "What do you call that?" said Rossini. "It is a funeral march which I composed on the death of Meyerbeer. What do you think of it, divine *maestro?*"—"It is not so bad; only it would have been better if you had been dead, and Meyerbeer had composed the march.

A DODGER DONE FOR.—Mr. William Wotherspoon, of Glenfield, the famous Starch maker, was successful last week in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, Lincoln's Inn, in obtaining an injunction to restrain a party named Currie, from applying the word "Glenfield" to or in connection with starch made for or by him. It appeared that Currie, the defendant, had taken a small cottage or building at Glenfield, for the express purpose of inducing people to believe that his starch was the article made by the plaintiff. His Honour's opinion was, that in this case, the defendant had pursued this course with the deliberate and fraudulent intention of palming off his starch upon the public as the starch of the plaintiff, and acquiring a sale of his starch by means of the connection and reputation of the plaintiff. He never had seen a case in which defendant had been guilty of more reprehensible conduct as a tradesman. He should, therefore, grant the injunction in the terms asked by the bill.—*Bradford Daily Telegraph.*

SUCH IS FAME.—Thomas Moore, the poet, observing himself to be eyed by two pretty young ladies, enquired of a friend, who was near enough to hear their remarks, what it was they said of him. "Why, the tall one said that she was delighted to have the opportunity of looking upon so celebrated a personage."—"Indeed!" said the gratified little fellow; "and did she say anything more?"—"Yes; she said she was the more pleased because she had taken in your celebrated Almanack for the last five or six years!"

IN THE WITNESS BOX.—In a trial before Baron Martin a witness was called who interlarded his account of a conversation he had heard with so many "says I" and "says he," that he was hardly intelligible. The counsel, failing to make the witness comprehend the form in which he was wanted to make his statement, the Court took him in hand, with the following result:—"My man, tell us exactly what passed."—"Yes, my lord, certainly. I said that I would not have the pig."—"Well, what was his answer?"—"He said that he had been keeping the pig for me, and that he——"—"No, no, he did not say that—he could not have said it. He spoke in the first person."—"No, I was the first person that spoke my lord."—"I mean this—don't bring in the third person—repeat his exact words."—"There was no third person, my lord, only him and me."—"Look here my good fellow—he did not say he had been keeping the pig, he said, 'I have been keeping it.'"—"I assure you, my lord, there was no mention of your lordship's name at all. We are on two different stories, my lord. There was no third person; and if anything had been said about your lordship, I must have heard it."

HOW TO MANAGE FEMALE MUTINEERS.—Speaking of a mutiny of the women employed in the cigar manufactory at Madrid, the *Epoca* gives the following humorous description of the line of action pursued by a certain director of one of these establishments in a similar emergency:—The women having struck work, left the manufactory in a body, and with menacing gestures and angry shouts hastened towards the office of the director. The tumult reaching the ears of the latter, he asked what it meant. "The hands have mutinied, and have come to demand——"—"What?"—"Justice from your excellency. The whole of them insist upon coming in to see you, and they declare they will come in by force if you won't admit them otherwise." It was a difficult dilemma. The director reflected. At length he exclaimed, "Good! Go and tell them I am ready to receive them."—"Yes, sir."—"But as there are so many of them, I cannot see them all. They must delegate three of their number for the interview." The messenger was about to retire with the decision, when the director cried after him, "Wait a minute. The three delegates must be the three oldest and ugliest of the lot." Strange to say the director never received the deputation.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

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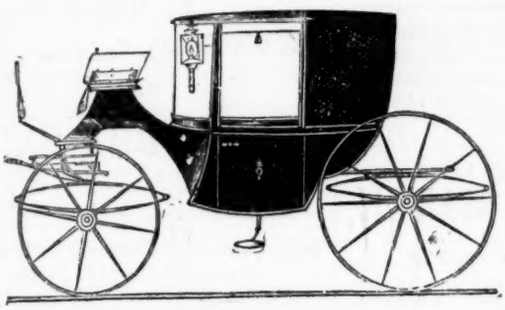

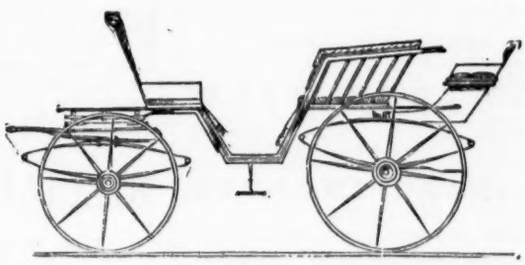

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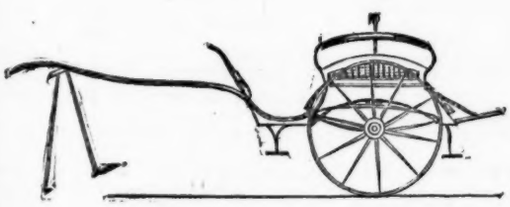

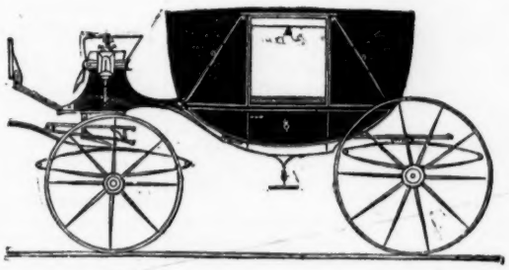

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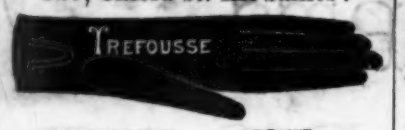

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GRAND ITALIAN OPERA,
For ONE WEEK ONLY,
COMMENCING MONDAY NEXT, MARCH 28.
Madlle. ILMA DE MURSKA,
Madame MONBELLI,
Madlle. REBOUX,
Madame CORSI,
Madlle. MORENSI,
and
Madame SINICO.
Signor GARDONI,
Signor TOMBESI,
Signor FOLI,
Mr. LYALL,
Signor ARCHINTI,
Signor CASTELLI,
Signor QUADAGNINI,
and
Mr. SANTLEY.
CONDUCTOR ..... Signor ARDITI,
ORCHESTRA and CHORUS
Selected from the London Opera Houses and the Teatro, Reggio, Turin.

Monday ..... IL FLAUTO MAGICO
Tuesday ..... LA SONNAMBULA
Wednesday ..... LE NOZZE DI FIGARO
Thursday ..... DINORAH
Friday ..... DON GIOVANNI
Saturday ..... MARTHA

Prices of Admission: Stalls and Dress Circle, 10s. 6d.: Upper Circle, 5s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; and Gallery, 1s.; Private Boxes, to hold eight persons, £4. 4s. and £2. 2s.; to hold four, £2. 2s. and £1. 1s.
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AND
Mr. J. ROBERTS, Sen.,
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Supported by
Mdlles. GRACE LUCELLE and ROSINA;
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Messieurs FRENCH and LANGLEY; and efficient CORPS DE BALLET.
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